

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 11.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1808.

NO. 1001.

EDWARD WALWIN.

An American Tale.

Continued.

Upon searching this closet, a trap-door was discovered, which, from being of equal breadth with the floor, had hitherto escaped observation; it was opened, and a small staircase perceived. One of the company began to descend, but being involved in darkness, he called for a light, which was brought; and having arrived at the bottom of the stairs, he found himself at the entrance of a small apartment. At this instant two pistols were discharged, upon which the rest of the company rushed down; but happily, the robbers both missed their aim: and were quickly discovered in one corner, so overcome with terror, that they were secured without difficulty.—This apartment contained the riches they had amassed during a course of two years of successful villiany. A part of the company was left to guard the house, while the remainder conducted the two villains with their accomplices, to the county jail, in order to stand their trials.

The appearance of the figure to Mr. Norton and Edward on a former occasion, and its suddenly vanishing on hearing the approach of the horsemen, was now fully explained by the circumstance of the closet: and Edward rejoiced in being the means of bringing to justice these two villains and their confidants, who had spread terror through the neighborhood for such a length of time. Having accomplished this business, our travellers continued their journey, conversing of the many strange occurrences that had lately befallen them. But Edward, whose mind reverted to his beloved Mary, like the needle to the pole, soon fell into a reverie respecting the object of his affections. When he considered his long confinement, and the probability of her believing him dead, fear and sorrow filled his heart, lest these circumstances might have induced her to bestow herself upon some worthy youth, and so put an end to all his prospects of happiness in this life. His mind was occupied with these reflections for most part of the journey; and as he drew nigh to Mr. Bolton's, these agitations increased—his very heart sickened at his own ideas—"Yet," cried he, "what am I but a beggar? never let me degrade her by an alliance with the child of indigence and misfortune!"

The third evening they reached Mr. Bolton's house, and met that gentleman at the door. On seeing Edward he started with surprise, as though he had beheld an apparition; but recovering himself, he gave him a hearty welcome, exclaiming at the same time, "What miracle are you resorted to the land of the living?" "I have never yet left it, Sir," replied Edward, "but I have long been detained in captivity by a scoundrel." As he spoke he looked round with an enquiring eye, yet beheld not Mary; his suspicions were confirmed and he trembled in every limb.—

Mr. Bolton translating his looks, immediately relieved him from his fears, and related what had happened since his disappearance, with Mary's present illness; frankly declaring his firm resolution of uniting them together, should she recover—"And I have no doubt," (continued he) "but that your presence will perform the cure."

While Mr. Bolton was speaking, Edward, by turns, was filled with rapture, and possessed by grief; joy thrilled through his veins that he was to be united to the object of his love, when he had almost despaired of it; and sorrow checked his sensations, when he saw her languishing on a sick bed. He was unable to express his thanks by words, but Mr. Bolton needed them not; he could easily discover the emotions of his heart by his countenance.

It was deemed improper to inform Mary of Edward's arrival that evening, and her father undertook to prepare her next morning for receiving the intelligence. Edward retired to bed, but not sleep. He passed the first part of the night in reflections on the past, and pleasing anticipations on the future. About midnight he thought he heard a faint shriek; his busy imagination brought Mary to his mind, and he rose hastily, and drew on some clothes. A few minutes after he again fancied he heard the same sound, which seemed like that of a person whose breathing is stopped, attempting to cry out: he opened the door of his chamber, to distinguish from whence the sounds proceeded, when a person passed through the entry, and on Edward's asking "Who's there?" he was answered in a faltering voice, "Me, Sir." "Who are you, and what are you doing here at this unreasonable hour?" "Why, Sir, I thought as how some thieves had broke into the house, and I was going to see; my name is Robert." Just then a shriek, audible and distinct, echoed along the passage, and Edward rushed forward towards the chamber from whence it proceeded; he heard it again, and recognized Mary's voice, at whose chamber door he was now arrived. The door was locked—he attempted to break it open, but found himself unable. At this instant he heard a bustling within, and something fell heavily on the floor: he redoubled his exertions to break open the door, but his endeavours were fruitless. The family was by this time alarmed; Mr. Bolton and some servants joined Edward, and the door yielded to their united efforts. On entering, they could just distinguish the form of Mary extended on the floor: a light was called for. Instantly the sound of a gun was heard. "Heavens!" exclaimed Edward, as he assisted Mr. Bolton to raise Mary from the floor, "what is the meaning of all this?" "It is a mystery to me," replied Mr. Bolton. The candle was now brought, and Mary was perceived to be in a swoon. While the proper means were using for her recovery, Mr. Bolton enquired the reason of this uproar, but none of the servants were able to satisfy him: when the coachman entered, crying, "I have shot one of the villains; he lies dead in the

yard." The male servants then retired, and Mary opening her eyes, fixed them on Edward's, who hung over her in silent solicitude, and uttering a scream of terror, she relapsed into her former situation. Mr. Bolton begged Edward to retire, which he did.—When Mary again recovered, she exclaimed, "Oh, tell me, my dear father, did I not see the ghost of Edward?" This was spoken with an air of wildness, that alarmed Mr. Bolton excessively: he replied, "Compose yourself, my love, you did not see his ghost!" "Ah," said she, "my imagination often brings him before me! Oh! my Edward, death will soon unite us!" "Do not talk so wildly," said her father, "heaven has happiness in store for you, my child." "Ah, no," cried she, "Edward is dead, and I am miserable for ever." "Perhaps—" said Mr. Bolton—"Perhaps what?" cried the almost frantic girl, raising herself in the bed, "no, I never can taste happiness below, unless he should be raised from the dead." "Perhaps," said he again, "heaven in pity to your sufferings may raise him from the dead; but why will you abandon yourself to grief, and wound the peace of an affectionate parent?" "Father, my dear father!" said she, in a more composed tone of voice, "I feel that I must die! I should die in peace could I be certain of meeting Edward in happiness." "Live, my daughter, you shall see him, you shall see him in this world." Turning up her eyes at her father, she said in a very serious tone of voice, "Do not deceive me, my dear father, I am prepared to die." "No, heaven forbid I should mislead you! Edward lives, you have seen him, he is in the house!" At these words she fainted. Edward, who had come to the door to listen whether she was better, rushed in—She recovered—She was in his arms—Fain would my feeble pen disclose the affecting interview, but conscious of its inability, I will drop a curtain over the scene.

The body of the man who was shot being brought in, Edward knew him to be Randall's footman! The mystery was now explained, and the infamous author of this transaction discovered. Rage and indignation deeply agitated the breast of the injured youth. Mr. Bolton observed his situation, and taking him by the hand, said, "Edward, this man has also injured me, deeply injured me; he is a villain of the blackest die; yet let us leave his punishment to heaven, which will not doubt arrest him in his vicious career, and overwhelm his guilty head with destruction." Edward, in some measure acquiesced, though he could not think of Randall's infamous conduct without horror.

Next morning one of the servants was missing; it was the same that Edward had met in the entry. He had been prevailed upon by Randall to become an assistant to a plan he had formed for carrying off Miss Bolton.—Some of the villains concerned had entered her chamber through a window, to which they had affixed a ladder of ropes; and had her in their arms, carrying her to the place they entered at, when the noise Edward made

in attempting to force the door, alarmed them, and they fled; one of them stumbling gave an opportunity to the coachman to fire, and his aim was so sure that the man expired immediately; this proving to be Randall's servant, discovered the infamous author of the whole transaction.

To be continued.

Extraordinary courage of a Young Woman of Zante, produced by superstition.

WITHOUT doubt, my dear A—, you are persuaded that women of the tenderest sensibility are always the most superstitious. In admiring Sappho, who precipitated herself into the sea, and Clelia, who swam across the Tyber, you imagine that we can never again meet with women of this character. Well! learn what a young girl of Zante has performed; who, if she had lived among the Greeks or Romans of past times, would have been capable of yet greater things. Helen Mattaranga, aged twenty years, lately witnessed the decease of a young man of her village, whom she had loved. She was to have married him; but her parents, from interested motives, had compelled her to marry another. The night after his interment, Helen saw the phantom of her lover, standing in silence at the foot of her bed. It appeared to her on the second and third nights immediately following. She at first imagined, that her lover's soul was in purgatory, and that it came to demand relief of her; in consequence of which she caused two masses to be said, distributed bread and money to the poor, and sent an offering of a fine fat sheep to the convent of Panagia. The spectre continued not the less its regular appearance; on the contrary, it afterwards appeared as she began to sleep. How then was she to be delivered? Superstition furnished the means, and here they are:

One night, when her husband is at a neighbouring village, she rises, takes with her a hammer and nails, goes barefooted to the burying, takes the body of her lover out of the earth; and, notwithstanding the fetid odour, and the corruption which it exhales, she embraces it repeatedly, bathes it with her tears, and then drives four large nails through the feet and hands. Having thus fastened it to the earth, she returns home, passes the remainder of the night in tranquility, and from that time the spectre discontinues its visits. What an unheard of mixture of courage, superstition, and love! Picture to yourself this young girl, in the middle of the night, terrified at the sight of the phantom; behold her leaving her home, approaching the tomb of her lover, feeling round it, recognizing the body, uncovering it, suffering the almost insupportable odour, embracing it! outraging it! What agitated feelings! what chilling perspirations! How much the fear of being surprised most perturb her soul, and freeze her senses! Yet this woman, whose sensibility, in ancient times, would have been celebrated on the theatres of Greece, was on the point of being punished with the utmost severity. Helen confided her secret to a friend, and this friend to the relations of the deceased, who failed not to make their remonstrances; and, according to an ancient law, to demand the death of her who had dared to outrage a dead body. The overseer, Bembo, proved an advocate and protector to this young girl, and suppressed the affair. Without doubt he was worthy of commanding, for he knew the value of sensibility.

For the Weekly Museum.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

SINCE that dark day when sin subdu'd the world,
And rebel Man from Paradise was hurld,
Mankind have known each other but as foes,
And liv'd but to increase each other's woes.
War is the sport of kings, at which they play,
Till thousand victims die like dew away,
Whose only pleasure is the trumpet's sound,
And cannon's thundering voice that shakes the ground;
The reeking sword, and garments roll'd in blood,
And fertile fields, wash'd by the crimson flood,
And bleaching bones of helpless martyr's slain,
Unheeded left to whiten o'er the plain—
Who millions have to early graves consign'd,
"And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

Sure Heaven in wrath decreed, when time began,
Man should thus rave, and be a wolf to man!
But Heavenly Father, rise, avert the sight,
Or shroud the world in everlasting night;
No longer let vain men thine anger brave,
And rise and speed each other to the grave!
Henceforth let blood and tyrants ever cease,
And man be blest with mercy, love, and peace!
O, send a balm, our miseries to allay,
And wash the crimson stain of war away;—
Thy blessings, heaven-born Friendship we implore,
Descend on earth and rule forever more;
See'st thou the scenes of misery and woe
Which 'tis our fate to suffer here below?
And wilt thou not repay with joy at last,
Our anxious souls for toils and sorrows past?
Ah! how we long to feel in thy breast,
To chase our sighs, and soothe our cares to rest.

You wretch who wanders friendless o'er the wild,
The sport of Fate, Misfortune's lonely child,
Has never reveal'd his woes in friendship's ear,
Nor drawn from pity's eye a melting tear.
Untimely snows have silver'd o'er his head,
And hope, his bosom, has forever fled;
Soon shall the grave protect his sickly form,
From Man's disdain, and life's overwhelming storm.

In yonder cot, the weeping widow too,
Whose years are many, but whose comforts few,
Sits, with a fainting heart, and aching head
And with her tears bedews her mouldy bread.
How sad the thought that dwells on pleasures past,
And hours of bliss, too dearly lov'd to last!
When cruel fate reminds her of the day,
That bore the partner of her joys away.
Who from the cannon's mouth receiv'd his doom,
Where hapless thousands find an early tomb.
Thy gentle hand alone, can dry her tears,
Dispell her doubts, and sad foreboding fears;
And when at last the wither'd rose shall droop,
In the dark grave her flesh shall rest in hope.
Here let me pause and drop a pitying tear,
O'er all the woes our race is doom'd to bear!

Descend celestial Friendship, heavenly dove,
From realms of purity and peace above,
Thy hand can bear us through this scene of strife,
And strew with flowers the thorny path of life.
When doom'd to taste misfortune's bitter cup,
Come with thy smiles and cheer our spirits up,
Be present with us, on our weary way,
In all the devious paths through which we stray,
And guide us safely to that blissful shore,
Where sorrows, sighs, and tears, are known no more.
Where perfect joys, our hearts to rapture move,
And seraph's chaunt the silver sounds of love.
Our lips shall praise thee, with their parting breath,
And bless thee while thou smooth'st the bed of death.
How sweet to die, reposing on thy breast,
While hails of Angels woo us to our rest!
And round our souls, Hope shed's her brightest ray,
And lights to regions of eternal day.

MONTGARNIER.

New-York,
April 23.

ECCESTRICK ADVERTISEMENT.

There is a paper printed (occasionally) in Salem called The Fool, from which the following is taken—

Dr. Botherom Smokum, having quitted his former profession of chimney-sweeping, now carries on the business of inventing and preparing his much approved mineral, vegetable, and animal go-to-bed-ical, get-up-ical, go-to-work-ical, and stay-at-home-ical Medicines.

His patent cut-and-thrust phlebotomizing emetic cathartic, and diuretick double distilled and double barrell'd fire and brimstone cordials. An amiable, interesting, pleasing and agreeably innocent unmedicinal sudorific, nephritic, antihelmintick, narcotick, tonic, stimulant, alterant, astrigent, stomachick, bellyachick, diaphoretick, aperient, enollent, cominative, sedative, rubefacient, antispasmodick, pectoral, crural, and femoral emmenagogue. It is a sovereign, specific, and instantaneous remedy for distempers; acute, chronic, nervous, general, local, real and imaginary, and epidemic disorders; for gunshot wounds, simple and compound fractures, casualties of all kinds and sudden death. It operates equally on the body, mind, estate real and personal, and place of residence of the patient. It is an efficacious and safe cosmetic, removing the pernicious periosteum from the cuticle, and rendering it clear and smooth to the fault. It clears the bile and gastric juice from the brain, and induces a calm train of ideas. It removes obstructions in the capillary tubes, viz. the thoracic duct, œsophagus, cæcum, &c. It extirpates the spinal marrow, which is the cause of such frequent and fatal complaints. It dissipates adipose tumours and premature births, and is an effectual preventive against old age. It assists Nature in her attempts at amputation in disorders of the head and pluck. From its styptic qualities it is eminently useful in promoting excessive hemorrhages, by which surgical operations of all kinds become quite unnecessary. By rinsing the mouth daily with this cordial, the epiglottis becomes firmly fixed in its socket, and carious teeth adhere closely to the metatarsus, by which means deglutition and chyfication progress regularly. The muscles which become flaccid by use are restored to an ossified state, as well as the arterial system. Applied to the eyes it removes the three humours and eradicates the optic nerve; and in disorders of the ears it is useful in perforating the tympanum. In extreme watchfulness and nervous irritability it induces a permanent and uninterrupted sleep. In sudden attacks from the enemy's cavalry, it brings on an instantaneous coma which may save the patient's life. From its drying qualities it is useful in cases of drowning; and hanging yields to its elevating stimulus.

Price Ten dollars per bottleum.

To prevent counterfeits, every bottle is wrapped in a twenty dollar bill of Detroit bank. By this means a great saving is made by those who purchase by the dozen.

A CLEVER DECEPTION.

LAY an egg in strong vinegar until it be soft; then write the name of any person to whom you wish to shew the trick, on a small slip of paper or thin card. You may then easily cut an aperture at one end of the egg with a razor or fine penknife, through which you may insert the writing. Place the egg in cold water, and it will soon be as hard as at first. With your egg thus prepared, you may write the name on a slip of paper, and throw it in the fire before the face of your companion, and desire him to break the egg, where he will find it.

ANECDOTE.

AN English sailor was tried for a robbery he had committed on the highway. While his doom was pronouncing, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, held it between his teeth till he heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him. He then bit off a piece of tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern; Sirrah, said the Judge, piqued at the man's indifference, do you know that you are to be hanged in a short time? So I hear,

the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth. Do you know, rejoined the doctor, where you will go when you die? I cannot tell indeed, but please your honor, said the doctor. Why then, cried the Judge, with a most melodious voice, I will tell you: you will go hell, you villain, and there be burnt to all eternity. I should, replied the sailor, equally as I, I hope then, my Lord, I shall be able to do it.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 23, 1808.

Those of our subscribers who intend removing the ensuing month are requested to send the proper directions to this office.

The city inspector reports the death of 49 persons (of whom 16 were men, 8 women, 14 boys and 11 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cholera 1, consumption 14, convulsions 5, debility 1, decay 2, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 1, puerperal fever 1, fracture 1, hives 2, inflammation of the lungs 4, influenza 1, intemperance 1, locked jaw 1, measles 4, old age 1, pleurisy 3 and 1 still born.

The Republican Electors have unanimously resolved to support at the ensuing election

For Representatives in Congress,
Burton S. Mumford William Deanning.

For Senators,

Wm. W. Gilbert.

For Members of Assembly,

Thomas Faumar	B. M. Van Buren
Arthur Smith	Frederick Jenkins
Olomon Townsend	John P. Anthony
Francis Cooper	Nathan Sanford
Joseph Constant	James Fairlie.
Job Fall	

The Federal Electors have agreed to support the following nomination of candidates at the ensuing election.

For Representatives in Congress,

Parent Gardiner William Henderson

For Senators,

Samuel Jones	James Morris
Albert Benson	Peter A. Jay
Benjamin Strong	Thomas Carpenter
Alexander Campbell	George Ireland
Robert B. Gardus	Robert Morris, junr
James R. Hewitt	Nicholas Fish
James P. Luer	

Ap 21

Petersburg, April 13.—On Tuesday morning last, the remains of JOHN D. BURK, were consigned to the grave. He had particularly desired in his will, that his body should not be interred in a churchyard, and required too that the usual religious funeral services on funeral occasions, might be dispensed with. His corpse was therefore, conveyed to Cedar Grove, the seat of General Jones, in the suburbs of this town, and buried with military honors. The volunteer companies of artillery, cavalry and infantry attended the funeral, as well as a numerous concourse of citizens.

The cause which led to a misunderstanding between Mr. C. and the deceased, and which finally produced so distressing a catastrophe were of a political nature. In a conversation at a public table, some time during the last week, as we are told, the subject turned upon the letter of the French minister, Chambray to Gen. Armstrong, lately published—the deceased expressed himself with

considerable warmth—reprobated the conduct of the French government towards the United States, and painted in strong colours the insolence of its minister.—Mr. C. being a native of France, conceived himself individually assailed by the words uttered, as well as the epithets applied to his nation and government, he demanded an explanation of the speaker. Very few words, however, passed between Mr. C. and the deceased—the explanation required was not given, and the former in a few moments left the room. Soon after a challenge was sent by Mr. C. which was accepted, and early on Monday morning the parties with their seconds met in a field adjoining this town. On the first fire Mr. C's pistol snapped, and the contents of Mr. B's were discharged ineffectually. The second fire proved decisive. Mr. C's ball passed thro' the heart of his antagonist, who expired without a word or a groan. Such is the relation which we have had of this unfortunate affair.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. April 14.

We learn that on Monday last, Thomas Dearing, Wm. Ingles, and Wm. Muchmore of this town, went a fishing in a sail boat, the wind blowing fresh and it being squally, the boat unfortunately upset outside the harbour, and they were all precipitately drowned. They have left families and children to mourn their irreparable loss.

On Tuesday evening between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock, a Gondola filled with water at the middle town wharf, three men had retired to rest on board, in the cuddy, one of whom, Mr. John Cummel, of Durham, aged about 50, was drowned; the others were providentially saved by the assistance which was rendered them.

Killed by lightning on the evening of Sunday 20th ult. in Amherst, Mr. John Trout, son of Mr. George Trout. The following particulars of this melancholy event were related to us by a near neighbour of unquestionable veracity.

Mr. Trout had gone with his elder brother to the barn, as they saw the shower rising, to take care of the cattle and horses, the latter went into the barn to get the hay and feed, while the former went in the stable to water the horses. His brother, not knowing he was injured, called to him that he believed the barn was on fire—Receiving no answer, he came to the stable door, and found him lying on his back within a few feet of the door, without any signs of life. He brought the body out, and laid it on the dung heap, and returned to turn out the cattle and horses, all of which escaped excepting three colts which were under a shed between two barns, which were forgotten and consumed with the buildings. He then returned to the deceased, and was taking the body toward the house, when our informant came and caught it in. No signs of life were discoverable. The charge had descended perpendicularly, struck one side of his head and singed off the hair; tore the skin off one side of his face, passed through the neckclo, in several places, down his body, thigh and leg, and went off through his heel, leaving a hole there about sufficient to admit a goose-quill. His shirt, which was of cotton, was partly consumed, and his body and one of his thighs were much torn and burnt, and full of small holes as if perforated with bullets and shot. Conn. paper.

COURT OF HYMEN

Yes, we've come to join in Hymen's tie,
And love with love in every passion vie;
Sound the dulcemat, tune the music high,
For Heaven is found beneath the lofty sky.

MARRIED,

On the 8th inst by the Rev. Mr. Inglis, Mr. Lawrence Keene, of the U States navy, to Miss Maria Martin, eldest daughter of Luther Martin, Esq. of Baltimore.

On Wednesday the 13th inst by the Rev Mr. Townley, Mr John Campbell to Miss Hannah Campbell both of this city.

On the 14th inst by the Rev Mr. Harkinson, Mr. Charles F Bunner, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Hester G Storm, daughter of Thomas Storm, Esq. of this city.

On the 14th inst at St John's Church, by the Rev Mr Barry, Captain Samuel Christian to Miss Elizabeth Frances Lillebridge.

On Saturday evening by the Rev Mr Townley, Mr Robert Tompkins to Miss Catharine Campbell, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, Mr John T Burton to Miss Harriett Snow, both of this city.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev Mr Jones, Mr Halsted E Haight, to Miss A Haight, a second daughter of Mr Benjamin Haight, al. of this city.

MORTALITY.

HERE read! and reading, realize your fate!
Your time a moment, and your breath a blast!
The issue certain, nor remote the date!
Here lies the body! it is inscribing fast.

DIED,

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Prudence Leggett, of this city, in the 47th year of her age, of a lingering illness.

On Tuesday morning, M. Thomas Carpenter, junr in the 22d year of his age.

Oh Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Maria Josephina Victory Louisa Lijune, of Clermont, wife of Mr Sebastian Lijune, planter at Martinico.

On Wednesday afternoon, after a short illness, Mrs. Thankful Brown, wife of Bu nell Brown.

On Thursday morning, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Miss Sarah Stout, in the 38th year of her age.

At Albany, M. a Jane Dewitt, wife of S. Dewitt, Esq. Same place. Mr. J. In Campbell.

At Troy, Mrs Jane Doe.

WANTED,

An apprentice from 12 to 14 years old to the Tanning business Apply corner of Pine and Front streets.

April 23. 1801—11

For sale at this Office.

THE COMPLETE

CONFECTIONER,

OR

THE WHOLE ART OF

CONFECTIONARY TRADE

MADE EASY!

Containing, among a variety of useful matter, the art of making the various kinds of Biscuits, Fruit preserved in Brandy, Drops, (wet) Pralines, Preserved Sweetmeats, Ice Creams, Dried Fruits, Water Ices, Cordials, &c &c. As also the most approved method of making CHEESES, PUDDINGS, CAKES, &c. IN 250 CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE RECEIPTS. The result of many years experience with the celebrated Negri and Witton, Price 50 Cents.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FRANTIC JESSY.

AN ODE.

Soft touch the lyre, attune the lay,
And plaintive be the strain;
And as the trembling strings rebound,
Let sportive echoes catch the sound,
And sighing, murmuring all the day,
Of Jessy's woes complain.

See where she sits in anguish mute—
Mark that fair form, that phrenzied eye;
Hurried and wild she strikes the lute,
Each note responding with a sigh;
'Tis faithless love supplies the theme,
Her waking care her nightly dream.

At every sounding footstep near,
She starts—she flies with palsied fear—
How vain are love's alarms!
Now cheating fancy brings to view
Her lover's image, fond and true,
She flies to meet his arms.

Illusive Hope, ah! why deceive?
Hence, false and perjured prov'd;
Despond—then left the fair to grief,
Scorn'd by the object once belov'd—
Now jealous pang her bosom tear,
She shrieks with rage and keen despair.

She climbs in haste the rugged steep,
Rent archer garments, wild her mein—
She views the foaming angry wave,
Exclaims, Here sorrow finds a grave!
Then plunging headlong 'mid the deep,
No more is Frantic Jessy seen.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

ALAS! how inconstant the pleasures
That Fancy portrays to the mind—
We grasp at the shadowy treasures,
And nought but deception we find.

Gay Hope, like a gentle deceiver,
Bewitches the world with her smile;
By Flattery lull'd we believe her,
Nor once think of sorrow or guile.

But ah! these fair scenes are soon ended,
Disorder'd and clouded by care—
Our joys with our troubles soon blended,
And nothing remains but despair.

Where, where is Felicity's dwelling?
Can I find the blest mansion below?
From my bosom with grief sadly swelling,
A voice gently whispers—ah, no!

Misfortune our prospects oft blasting,
For bliss thou must look up to Heaven,
There joys will be found everlasting,
There rest to the weary be given.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

PRAY what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in dryest weather.
What's lighter than the dust, I say!
The wind, that wafts it far away.
Pray what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Nay! now, my friend, you have me fast.

RAGS.

Cash given for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags at
his Office.

TORTOISESHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies
plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



SMITH'S IMPROVED
COMBS

Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball far superior to
any other for softening beautifying
and preserving the skin from chop-
ping, with an agreeable perfume,
4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches
for travelling, that holds all the
shaving apparatus complete in a
small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling
bottles

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey
4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted
Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Savoyonette Royal Paste for washing the
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s pe
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond
powder for the skin 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glos-
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chy-
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 4s
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister 8s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton
Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery
Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1808

JEWELRY.

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and
customers, that he has removed from the Park to No.
200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of
their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and
his attention to his business will fully meet with their
approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of
the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast
pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl,
plain and enameld, and of every fashion, hair work-
ed necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver
tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and
ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of ar-
ticles appropriate to his line of business, which are
too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as
price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which
are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved
plans, in the very best manner, at moderate prices by
J. Greenwood, Artist in the Line Dental, No. 14 Ve
sej street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

Mrs. Hearn, respectfully informs her friends
the public in general, that she intends continuing
Seminary, in the commodious and healthy situ-
she at present occupies No. 201 Newbury-Lane, wh
she purposes to instruct Youth in the following br-
ches of Education, viz. Reading, Writing, Arith-
tic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Need-
work. Parents and others, who may please to intru-
her with the care of their children, may rest assu-
that the utmost assiduity and strictest attention
be paid to the morals, manners, and improvement
such as may be committed to her care.
New-York, April 16th, 1808 1800—

CISTERNS.

Made and put in the ground complete,—warrant-
tight, by C ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

JUST RECEIVED,
And for sale at this Office,
DR. ANDERSON'S SCOTS PILLS.

PEARL AND TORTOISE SHELL
SEGAR & SNUFF BOXES.
Just received and for sale at
C. HARRISSON'S Book store.
3 Peck slip.

JUST PUBLISHED
and for sale by M. Harrison, 3 Peck slip,
THE LAT OF AN IRISH HARP,
OR,
METRICAL FRAGMENTS,
BY MISS OWENSON.

DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will discharge without destroying
the Linen, for sale at this office.

FRESH TEAS.

MRS. TODD No. 92 Liberty street, has just re-
ceived by the late arrivals from India, a excel-
lent assortment of fresh Teas of a very superior quality
Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin,
Souchong, &c.

Also,
Best loaf and lump Sugar, Coffee and Spices.
NB Families supplied with the above articles on
moderate terms.

Just published, and for sale by
M. HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-slip,
A NEAT EDITION OF
THE WILD IRISH GIRL;
A National Tale,
BY MISS OWENSON.

JUST PUBLISHED
And for sale at this Office,
THE DISCARDED SON
OR THE
HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,
by Maria Regina Roche.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale
No. 104 Maiden-lane.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON,
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

At One Dollar and Fifty cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE.